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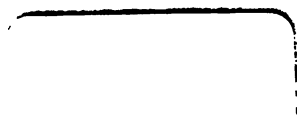
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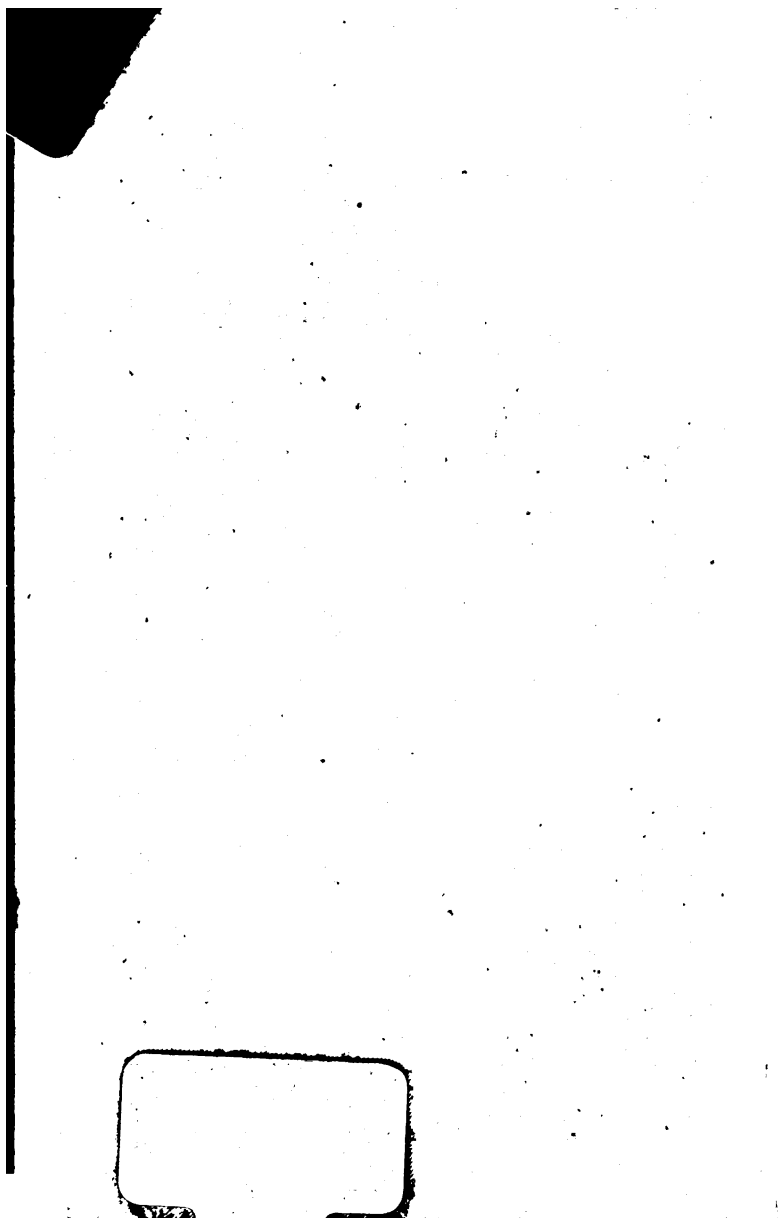
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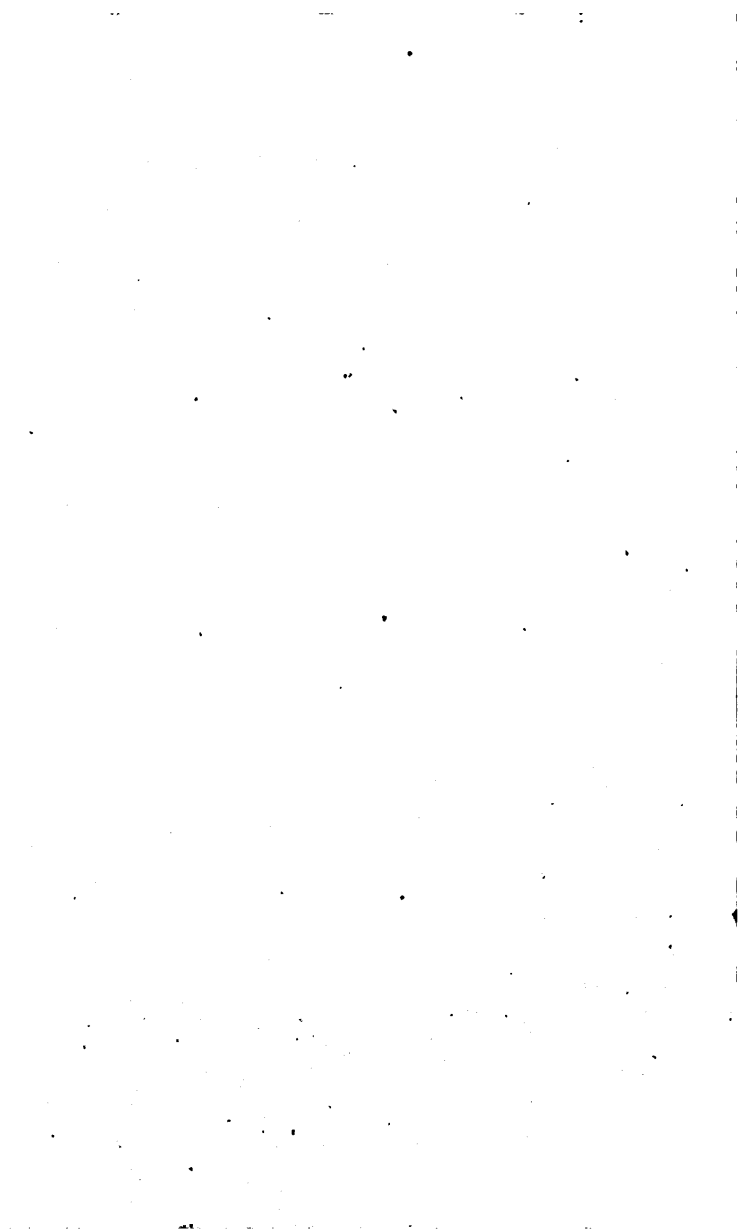


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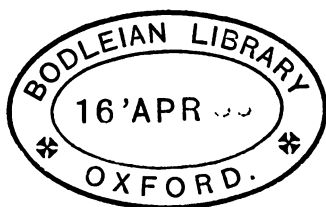


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To  
MY NEPHEWS.





## P R E F A C E .

---

MY hope in writing the story of Andreas Hofer has been, that the example of loyalty and manly Christianity might prove beneficial and not without interest to English boys.

The authorities I have chiefly consulted are, 'André Hofer et l'Insurrection du Tyrol en 1809,' by M. Clair (to whom, indeed, I am indebted for the most interesting and characteristic anecdotes relating to Hofer); Alison's 'History of Europe;' Menzel's 'Geschichte der Deutschen;' and Baroness Tautphœus' 'At Odds,' etc.

YAM.

*January, 1883.*



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*THE  
STORY OF ANDREAS HOFER,  
THE SANDWIRTH.\**

---

CHAPTER I.

‘LAND TYROL.’

IT is a noble story—the story of a man who lived and fought and suffered, true to his war-cry, ‘For God, the Emperor, and our Fatherland!’ I should like to tell it you, just in my own fashion, partly as I have read it in other histories, and partly as it has been told me in Andreas Hofer’s own ‘land Tyrol,’ by those whose fathers and grandfathers knew and loved the Sandwirth; and you must have patience with me if, as I write, scenes and

\* ‘Sandwirth’ means ‘Host of the Sand Inn.’

places which I have seen rise up so vividly before me, that I must ramble on a little about them and the brave people I have learnt to know and love.

One scene especially comes to my mind when I think of Tyrol and the Tyrolese, and it will make as good a starting-point as another for my story, and perhaps be more interesting than a beginning of history and dates. It was at Meran, in the very heart of the beautiful land, and a town of which you will hear much as we go on ; a lovely place, just where the Passeyr valley emerges from its great mountain walls, and opens into the valley of the Adige or Etsch (let me ask you to keep that name 'Passeyr' well in mind), and round it on every side rise high mountains tipped here and there with snow, while the slopes about are one huge vineyard. On a Sunday in September I stood by the Bridge of Meran, near an old archway, through which a quaint, narrow street led upwards towards

---

the church, whose bells—the finest in Tyrol—were sending a shower of sweet tones from their high tower. Over the bridge the men from the country round were trooping in to church. Two hundred or more came tramping by in their Sunday dress: short brown jackets faced with red, wide green braces crossed in front; broad, heavy, leathern belts, embroidered in fine quill-work looking almost like silver, with the huge silver buckle worn at the back; short knee-breeches, and blue or white knitted stockings; wide-brimmed black felt hats, with peaked crowns twisted round with green cord, and decked with a perfect nosegay of flowers stuck in the back. And under the large hats were dark, handsome faces, and earnest, rather sad, black eyes: so earnest, indeed, were the faces, that I could not help fancying they might have been a band of Hofer's men going out to fight and die for their Emperor, going up first, as they ever did, to offer themselves to God, and re-



ceive the Church's blessing. The fancy was all the more vivid, perhaps, that the grey-green flood rushing under the bridge had come down from the Passeyr Valley, passing the very door of the Wirthshaus (Inn) of the 'Sand,' the birthplace and home of Andreas Hofer, the 'Sandwirth,' as they called him.

Had it been a Sunday in September, 1808, that we were standing by the Bridge of Meran, the scene would have been very different. The bells would either have been silent, or calling in vain to a people who, driven well-nigh to desperation by oppression and persecution, preferred to seek out by stealth their own faithful pastors, to attending the ministrations of priests who had smothered their consciences, and made submission to the enemies of their country and religion.

Faith and Fatherland were in sore straits in those days, and the quiet that brooded over the land was the quiet that comes before a thunderstorm.

This was how it all came about :

Ever since Margareta Maultasch (pocket-mouth), Countess of Tyrol, had, by her marriage with John of Bohemia, in 1363, brought her inheritance of mountain and valley to the empire, Tyrol had remained firm and loyal in her allegiance to the Emperor of Austria, faithfully serving him in peace or in war, and reverencing her 'Kaiser' (Emperor) next to her religion. In return, she had been left in the full enjoyment of her ancient constitution, and of all those rights and privileges which made the Tyrolese to all intents and purposes a free people.

Picture then, their dismay when it was announced that by the Treaty of Presburg, signed between the Emperors Napoleon Bonaparte and Francis I. of Austria, in 1805, Tyrol had been made over to the King of Bavaria, and was no longer to form a part of the old Austrian Empire. Princes were hard-set in those days ; all trembled before the

conqueror, who in the name of liberty rode rough-shod over Europe, making and un-making kings at pleasure ; but any sacrifice it seems to us, would have been preferable to giving up such a jewel in the Austrian crown as the loyal little 'land Tyrol.' That it was sorely against the grain one can well believe, and the eighth clause of the Treaty of Presburg shows that Francis I. was truly desirous of doing the best he could for the Tyrolese. It ran thus :

'The above-mentioned countries (Tyrol and Vorarlberg) shall be enjoyed by his Majesty the King of Bavaria, in the same manner, and with the same rights and prerogatives as the Emperor of Germany and Austria and the princes of his house enjoyed them, and *no otherwise.*'

And on his side the King of Bavaria, Maximilian Joseph, seemed inclined to make the change as little distressing as possible to his new subjects. He received the deputies

sent to Munich from Tyrol with great consideration, and shaking hands with one of them, said : ‘Dear and brave Tyrolese, not one iota of your Constitution shall be effaced.’

Further, he declared by a letter to the Tyrolese, dated January 14th, 1806, that ‘not only would he maintain their Constitution and their rights, but he would use every endeavour to raise their prosperity to its highest pitch ; and that he should lend a particularly willing ear to their wishes, whensoever they should be made known in a constitutional manner to the King or his representatives.’

These were fair promises—it was soon seen how they were to be kept.

The Constitution of Tyrol was promptly overthrown and the public money seized, to enable Maximilian Joseph to pay the sum required of him by *his* master, Napoleon ; eight new and heavy taxes were levied, and the conscription or compulsory enlistment of soldiers was forced upon the people whose

militia had ever been ready in the service of their Kaiser and the defence of their country. The Tyrolese were told that they were now Bavarians, and the country was re-divided and re-named ; made, French-fashion, into departments—departments of the Inn, the Eisack and the Etsch, and in a few months' time the use of their own language was to be forbidden to the Italian-speaking inhabitants of South Tyrol. As a crowning insult to the nation, the ancient castle of Tyrol, near Meran, from which the whole country took its name, and which had been the residence of Margareta Maultasch and the old Counts of Tyrol, was put up for sale by public auction.

All this was bad enough, but there was even worse to come. Whatever the Tyrolese may or may not be in other matters, they are religious. Religion is interwoven in the fibres of their national, as it is in those of their daily, life. Evidences of this appear at every turn ; in their national monuments as well as

in the decorations of their houses, where the Cross and the emblems of the Passion nearly always appear in the carvings on roof and balcony, and in the wayside crosses and chapels, where a true Tyrolese thinks it no shame to be seen kneeling for a few moments of prayer as he goes out to his daily work. The attachment also of the Tyrolese to their priests is deep and true. The priest is the friend, judge, and counsellor of the whole village, and the 'Pfarrhof,' or vicarage, seems as much property of the community as of its owner—to judge by the unceremonious way the people go in and out, if they have anything to say to the 'Father.' And nobly, as a rule, have the priests merited the love and confidence of their people.

Now it so happened that, at the time about which I am telling you, the chief adviser of the King of Bavaria belonged to a sect of people called the 'illuminated' or 'Enlightened,' followers of a man who had invented a new

religion. This new religion seems chiefly to have thriven on the destruction of any faith already received ; and as this appeared also a good way of completely crushing the spirit of the Tyrolese, a system of religious persecution began, which gradually drove the mountaineers to desperation.

They saw their churches rifled and pillaged, and the sacred vessels sold and put to most profane uses. A host of Jews swarmed into the country to carry on the abominable traffic ; and one Jew in especial, from Innsbruck, made himself conspicuous by carrying them through the streets in mockery before the eyes of the people. Church festivals were suppressed and their celebration forbidden, and the convents and monasteries were seized. In this, as in most other matters, Meran became a centre, and there the persecution raged hot and furious. The Bishop, refusing to obey the orders of the Bavarian Government, which were contrary to the laws of the Church which he had vowed to keep, was sent for

to Innsbruck, and, as he remained firm in his resistance, was taken by the police to the frontier of Switzerland at Martinsbruck, whence he toiled on foot through the snow, guided by two faithful Tyrolese peasants from the village of Nauders, to Chur. Patscheider, the priest of Meran, and the other clergy round, encouraged by the example of their Bishop, refused to submit—or 'Bavarianize,' as it was called—and a special commissioner, named Hofstetten, was sent down by the Government to enforce its decrees. Patscheider and the other priests were brought up before him, and offered the choice between submission and punishment: all except four chose punishment. Patscheider was carried off by night to Innsbruck, and afterwards imprisoned with ten other priests at Trent. All the faithful became dispersed and wandered about in the mountains and forests, where their flocks came to them in secret; for the peasants refused the ministrations of the



priests who had Bavarianized, and it was in vain that the bells rang from the great tower of Meran Church—none would answer their call.

Then the Passeyr Valley became a prey to Hofstetten, who, determined to reduce it to obedience, marched up with a small army ; a peasant meeting the array ventured to say that 'if they chose, the men of Passeyr could soon make an end of it,' for which he was nearly killed. The priest of St. Martin was arrested, and Hofstetten, assembling the peasants, harangued them, abusing the clergy in a manner very little calculated to gain the hearts of their people. Several of the inhabitants were arrested by the advice and instigation of a priest named Hermeter, who had turned traitor, and the poor fellows, after being severely beaten with rods, were shut up in a stable and finally marched down to Meran, when Hofstetten, having as he fancied accomplished his design, quitted the valley, leaving the priest of St. Martin a prisoner in his own

house, and Hermeter installed in his place. A fruitless measure this last proved, for no one would go to church or even allow the intruder to bury their dead ; so that after what must have been an uncomfortable residence of three months, Hermeter resigned the care of the parish and retired.

Thus the country groaned and suffered in despair—or what would have been despair, had not the purpose slowly but surely grown up in the breasts of the people, of ridding themselves of the unrighteous yoke.

A mountaineer came down one day to Innsbruck, and seeing the Bavarian colours, blue and white, where the Austrian, black and yellow, used to hang, stood looking at them, when a Bavarian passing by remarked :

‘Well, my good fellow, are not the new colours prettier than the old ones?’

‘Oh, certainly,’ the peasant answered, ‘they are fine, but they will not last ; with time the blue turns yellow, and the white black.’



## CHAPTER II.

ANDREAS HOFER.

NO heart in Tyrol bled for the woes of his country more deeply than did the great tender heart of Andreas Hofer, the Sandwirth of Passeyr—innkeeper, as his father had been before him of the Inn, or ‘Wirthshaus,’ of the Sand. He was born on November 22nd, 1767, and having early lost his parents was brought up by friends, receiving a tolerably good education at a neighbouring school. At the time our story begins he was forty-two years of age, a strongly built thick-set man, not tall but enormously powerful, with very black eyes and long black beard—an unusual thing at that time—which it is said he had vowed not to cut till his land was restored to

the Kaiser. He was a first-rate shot with a rifle, the national weapon of the Tyrolese, and was well known throughout the country as an upright man, true and just in all his dealings, and passionately devoted to his religion and his country. His trade of inn-keeper and dealer in horses naturally brought him much in contact with other men, and caused him to be well known in most of the towns of Tyrol.

At Bozen I was shown, in the mill of one Rossler, the very old brown nut-wood table at which the Sandwirth used to sit when he came down from the Passeyr to buy wine of the owner's grandfather.

Andreas Hofer had also become known to the Emperor's brother, the Archduke John ('Hans' or 'Hanserl,'\* as the people loved to call him), during the time that he had lived in the Tyrol as its Governor, and wandered about its mountains and valleys on hunting

\* Little Hans.

or scientific expeditions. In these wanderings he had met with the Sandwirth, and seems to have read rightly the noble, simple character of the man. When, after the Treaty of Presburg, the Archduke was obliged to leave Tyrol, Hofer was chosen to represent his valley at a parting interview with 'Hans' at Brunnecken ; and who knows what words of sorrow for the present and of hope for the future were exchanged between the prince and the peasant ?

Thus the Sandwirth had already become a man of mark in the country, and as things grew too bad to be borne, people began to look to him for counsel and hope. For a long time Hofer's only counsel was 'patience.' Even when Hofstetten had invaded his own valley, when his priest was a prisoner and Hermeter put in his place, he would say calmly to those who lamented, 'Friends, we must pray ; the Faith is in great danger ;' and he often used the words which have been

found written in old prayer-books in the Passeyr Valley: 'Brothers, let us pray with all our might for the public peace. This state of things cannot last; all is possible to God, and we can, with His help, obtain a better government.'

The Sandwirth's patience, however, was very far from being acquiescence or inactivity. All through the dismal year of 1808 he had been thinking and pondering, and during the winter a correspondence had been kept up between some of the chief Tyrolese and the Archduke John. These letters were so framed, that if they fell into the hands of the Bavarian Government, no one could by any possibility make out their real meaning. Sometimes they were written as though coming from a betrothed bride (Tyrol), whose bridegroom (Austria) had long been prevented from uniting her to himself, and who complained grievously that he was unable to come to her. Then by-and-by the difficulties seemed to

clear away, and he writes to beg the father of the bride to come to the wedding, with his friends from the Etchsthal and the Innthal, 'not forgetting Barbone'—this was Hofer's nickname among the Italian-speaking Tyrolese, 'Barba' meaning beard.

Upon this the 'father of the bride,' who in this case consisted of Andreas and two others, made their way to Vienna in January, 1809, for a meeting with the Archduke John and Baron Hormayer, a Tyrolese nobleman. Between them everything was arranged for a rising as soon as opportunity should serve, Hofer giving all necessary information as to roads and ways and means of communication ; and having accomplished their mission, the three returned to Tyrol to make secret preparations. Dividing the country between them, they travelled about arranging matters and gaining over the chief men, amongst them Jacob Sieberer and Joseph Straub, of whom we shall hear more later. The district as-

signed to Andreas Hofer was Salzburg and its neighbourhood, with the Brixen, Ziller, Wipp, and Inn valleys, his trade giving, of course, an excellent pretext for his journeyings. After this he returned to the Wirthshaus am Sand, and again waited patiently, biding his time.

The country, however, was by this time getting almost 'past holding,' as a Yorkshireman would say, and there began to be slight outbreaks here and there—young men escaping from the hated conscription, and banding themselves together in defiance of the Bavarian authorities. Still the Government persisted in believing that all was well, and in looking on these outbreaks as trifles, till one day the awakening came.

War was again declared between France and her allies (Bavaria, of course, being one of them) and the Emperor of Austria. Instantly a proclamation reached Tyrol from Baron Hormayer, and another from the Arch-



duke John, which ran as follows : ' Tyrolese ! I know and am assured that you will be worthy of your fathers, worthy of their unshaken fidelity, worthy of our attempt.' And on the 9th of April appeared a proclamation from the Sandwirth, announcing, that the moment for the struggle had arrived.

Then those who were on the watch saw signs which they well understood. Down the river Inn and the other principal rivers came floating sawdust sprinkled on the blue-green snow-water, and planks with small red flags fastened to them ; and at the doors of lonely huts scattered far and wide, in deep valleys and on snowy heights, appeared messengers, women often and children, bringing tiny slips of wood, with the words ' It is time ! ' written on them. Soon fires flashed and blazed on every mountain-top, and every village was astir. Men came pouring in from all sides, armed with swords, rifles, or whatever weapons they could muster, and crowding

into the churches for prayer and blessings, and there were leave-takings with mothers, wives, and sweethearts, who encouraged them to go out for the Fatherland ; and down all the great valleys marched streams of peasants, each knowing his appointed destination. The men of the Passeyr were not likely to be behindhand. Very soon they were up, with the Sandwirth at their head, and after going to church for Confession and Communion, they gathered at a spot down by the river, not far from the Wirthshaus, and there swore, on Hofer's white banner, fidelity to the Kaiser. Then the word came in the Sandwirth's strong voice, ' Up, brothers ! with God's help we will cross the Jaufen ;' and up they went, working their way north-east over the half-frozen mountain-paths.

Meanwhile the Archduke Charles (another brother of the Emperor's) had crossed the river Inn into Tyrol ; ' Hanserl ' was at Klagenfurt to the east, and the Austrian General,

Chasteler, had entered the country from the south to support the peasants. The war had begun, and the mountaineers were in arms against the kingdom of Bavaria, backed by the Conqueror, at whose name all Europe quailed.

A tattered fragment of Andreas Hofer's white silk banner hangs under a glass in my room ; later you shall hear how I came by it.





## CHAPTER III.

### HOFER'S COMPANIONS.

BEFORE following the Passeyr men over the Jaufen Pass, I must tell you something of the other leaders of the insurrection—Hormayer, Teimer, Spechbacher, and Haspinger. I have placed them in order, according to their rank and importance at the beginning of the war, but you will see that it is not precisely the same in which their names have been handed down to us in history.

Baron Hormayer was, as I have said, a Tyrolese nobleman. At the beginning of the insurrection, the Emperor of Austria appointed him Governor of Tyrol; but he showed no great talent for governing or apti-

tude in military affairs, and he never gained the affections of the people as did the Sandwirth. One fears that it may have been jealousy of his peasant rival that induced him to speak slightly of Andreas Hofer in the history he afterwards wrote of the war.

Martin Teimer was born on August 14th, 1778, at Schlanders, a pretty, but very dirty, village in the valley of the Etsch, or Adige. He had already served in the Tyrolese militia, had distinguished himself in several actions in 1779, and had risen to the rank of major. He afterwards kept a tobacconist's shop at Klagenfurt, till the rising of 1809 called him to take a command among the peasants.

Joseph Spechbacher was the son of a farmer, from whom he inherited a farm in the village of Gnadenwald, in the Lower Inn Valley. Judging by the pictures of him which one meets with in the Tyrol, he must have been a dark, handsome man, with a

keen, eagle-like face and penetrating black eyes. From his boyhood he was given to wandering ways, and, when grown up, he left farming and took up with a band of wild and lawless fellows. One writer speaks of him at this time as a 'gamekeeper,' but I am afraid there is no doubt that he was a poacher, pure and simple, not, one may well believe, so much for the sake of what he got, as from the sheer love of danger and excitement, both of which could be enjoyed to perfection in the wild mountain sports. Wonderful stories are told of his slaying an enormous bear, and of his fighting and killing a great 'lamb-falcon,' as the mighty birds are called, from their habit of seizing and carrying off lambs to feed their young. A victory over a lamb-falcon is considered a great feat amongst the Tyrolese, from the immense strength and skill it requires for the man to strike his enemy and protect his own eyes at the same time ; for the falcon always directs his attacks

on his adversary's eyes. In his rangings over the mountains of the Upper and Lower Inn valleys, and the Oetz valley, as well as in the forests of Bavaria (where he had no business whatever), young Spechbacher gained a knowledge of the secret by-paths and caves of refuge of his own country as well as of the Bavarian frontier, which stood him in good stead in after-years.

The exciting life, however, came to a sudden end, and the manner of it shows that though Spechbacher was a reckless fellow enough where danger was concerned, he could scarcely have been a bad-hearted or light-minded one. In a fray—a poaching fray, we must call it—with some Bavarian keepers, one of his companions was shot dead, and the sight was so great a shock to Spechbacher, that it sobered him and made him consider whether, after all, it was a very worthy life that he was leading, and the result was that he decided to become a respectable member of society. Accord-

ingly he married an excellent wife, settled down at Rinn, near Hall, where he contracted to supply some of the great salt-works with wood for the boiling, and in this peaceable employment the year 1809 found Joseph Spechbacher.

Then the old fire rekindled, and, being used in a noble cause, made a great man of the former poacher. All his life he had longed to get a hit at the Bavarians, the old enemies of his country, against whom his grandfather had served in former days, and now the opportunity had come.

Like father, like son. Spechbacher had a little son, Anderl, a spirited boy of twelve, very like himself, one might fancy; *he* also, it appeared, had made up his mind to fight the Bavarians, and his father had strictly to forbid his following him when he left Rinn to join the army. The temptation, however, was too strong for the boy, and one day, as his father was arranging some matters



in a cottage with other peasants, the door opened, and there appeared Anderl, armed with a large and long old gun, half hanging back in alarm at what his father would say, and half pushed forward by an old peasant grinning with delight. The boy's roguish black eyes looked appealing at Spechbacher, who vainly tried to keep a stern countenance; pride in the child's spirit would peep through, and perhaps the thought crossed him that he had not always obeyed the authorities himself.

The scene has been beautifully painted by Franz Defregger, the Tyrolese artist, and it is from his picture in the museum at Innsbruck that I have described the incident, which, however, is a true one.

After all, Anderl got his way, and was allowed to follow his father and make himself useful in hanging about on the edge of engagements, picking up spent bullets, which he brought to his father in his cap. We shall hear more of Anderl in course of time.

Joachim Haspinger, priest and Capuchin monk, lived in a cloister perched high on a rock which one passes (on a railway in these days) between Brixen and Bozen. He was a soldier before he became a monk, and had won a silver medal, which he afterwards gave as an offering to the Church. He had no scruples in joining and helping on the insurrection, which to him was a holy war in the cause of religion and liberty ; but he bore no arms, and went into battle carrying only a great ebony crucifix. With this he was to be seen in the thick of the fray, cheering and encouraging the peasants, who called him the 'Rothbart,' or 'Redbeard.' He was the Sandwirth's close friend and adviser.

To those who do not know Tyrol and its inhabitants, it must seem strange that the carrying out of the insurrection should be left so entirely to the *peasants*. The fact is that in Tyrol itself there are but few nobles ; it is

not as in England, where every village has its squire and resident gentry. The dwellings of the nobles are thinly scattered over the country, and are mostly those of Austrians, who, at the time of which we are speaking, were in all probability already fighting the French in the regiments of the Imperial army.





## CHAPTER IV.

### THE GREAT ELEVENTH OF APRIL.

I MUST ask you, tiresome as it may seem, to look for a moment at the map of Tyrol.

The country, you see, lies south of Bavaria and north of Italy, having Salzburg and Carinthia, two other Austrian provinces, on the east, and Switzerland on the west. The valley of the Inn, with its broad river, runs slanting north-east along the north of Tyrol. On it find Innsbruck, the capital of the country, and a little to the east of it, Hall, where Joseph Spechbacher lived; then run your finger southward from Innsbruck, and you are crossing the Brenner mountains; lower still, and you come to Sterzing, a point to be remem-

bered. Come down now a little eastward, and you find Brixen on the Eisack ; on again down the Eisack Valley to Bozen ; now turn up to the north-west up the Etsch or Adige Valley to Meran, where I started my story, and from Meran north-east up the valley of the Passeyr, and over the Jaufen pass, where we find Hofer and his 80,000 men on their way to Sterzing.

In this way, you see you have made a loop, and if you keep these points well in mind—Innsbruck, Brenner Pass, Sterzing, Brixen and Bozen in the Eisack Valley, Meran on the Etsch, the Passeyr and the Jaufen Pass, they will serve as landmarks for the whole history, and you will be able to follow the course of the different campaigns, which for the most part repeated themselves on the same lines. I may add in passing that if you had kept on southward from Bozen, you would have been on the high-road to Italy, passing through Trent, where Patscheider and his brother priests were

imprisoned, and that keeping westward from Meran up the Etsch Valley, you would have reached Switzerland, passing through Schlандers, the birthplace of Martin Teimer.

And now in good earnest we must follow the Sandwirth and his army as he marches towards Sterzing. The enemy was ready for him, and hearing of his approach, sallied out of the town to meet him; and there, on the 11th April, took place the battle of Sterzing Moos (or Moss)—a great victory for the Tyrolese. They had devised for the occasion a new kind of entrenchment; hay-waggons were drawn up to the front, and from behind them the riflemen kept up a murderous fire, remaining themselves untouched. One of the hay-carts was driven by a girl, the daughter of a tailor named Gampers, and as the Bavarian balls whistled round her, she cried out :

‘On with you! Don’t be afraid of the Bavarian dampfnudeln.’\*

\* Dampfnudeln are small, round, bullet-like cakes, much eaten in Bavaria.

So great was the havoc made by the Tyrolese riflemen, that, in spite of the advantages of superior discipline, the enemy became panic-stricken, and surrendered in a body, their commander, Major Speicher, having already fallen.

The prisoners were all shut up in the castle of Marei, not far from the battle-field ; and so quiet was the whole thing kept, that General Bisson and the French troops on their way to Innsbruck from the south (where they had been nearly defeated at Brixen) passed the night at Sterzing without hearing anything of what had happened. Not a word was breathed by any of the peasants, and he went quietly on his way knowing nothing of the events of that 11th April.

On that very same day Hall had been attacked and taken by Straub and Spechbacher, and all the French and Bavarians made prisoners and marched off—some of them much to their rage—escorted by women.

The insult was not intentional ; it was simply that the men were all otherwise engaged.

But more glorious than all, Innsbruck itself, under the Bavarian Colonel Dietfurt, who had been left in charge by General Kinkel, had been forced to yield to the peasants. They poured down upon the town like a torrent, and after desperate fighting in the streets, obtained complete possession. Colonel Dietfurt was struck three times before he fell, and had to yield up his sword ; he died a few hours later.

The next day General Bisson arrived in sight of Innsbruck, and great was his consternation on finding it occupied by the peasants ; resistance was useless, and he and his whole army had to capitulate. He refused to surrender himself to any but an Austrian officer, so Major Teimer put on an Austrian uniform, to which he had a right on account of his former services, and went out to Wiltau, just outside the town, and there received the



French general's sword. Then the whole army marched as prisoners of war into Innsbruck to the sound of cheerful airs, which the Tyrolese, having no military band of their own, obliged the captive ones to play for them. For this victory Martin Teimer was afterwards created by the Emperor Baron of Wiltau.

The tradesmen and townsfolk of Innsbruck were naturally not a little alarmed at the sudden irruption of wild mountaineers into their streets, and trembled for their safety and their possessions ; but though half mad with joy and exultation, the victors proved wonderfully moderate—the pulling down of the Bavarian arms and the replacing them by the Austrian eagle seems to have been the greatest length to which their excitement carried them. The house of the wicked Jew who had desecrated the Church vessels was, indeed, pulled down, but the man's life was spared ; and it is told how one of the peasants having

possessed himself of the heavy iron gate of the dwelling, carried it with much toil and difficulty to his own house fourteen miles away, but on being told by the priest of his village that it was sin to take other people's goods, he quietly carried it all the way back again.

At Brixen there were scenes of greater violence. The persecutor Hofstetten, in terror of his life, bethought himself of obtaining the protection of one of those priests against whom he had waged such relentless warfare ; accordingly, he took refuge with the Prince Bishop of Brixen, who, in a forgiving spirit, undertook to protect him and some other Bavarian officials.

The peasants presented themselves before the house, demanding that Hofstetten should be given up to them, but the bishop replied that before they touched one of those whom he had taken under his protection, they would have to walk over his dead body. His courage

and determination prevailed, and prevented the Tyrolese from sullyng their victory with violence, which would, in all probability, have ended in murder.

Meanwhile, Archduke John had gained a battle at Sacile, and after the victory at Sterzing Moos, Hofer marched southwards, the French troops retiring before the Austrians and Tyrolese, first to Roveredo and then to Rivoli. Thus, with exception of Kufstein, a strong frontier fortress still occupied by the Bavarians, the whole of the 'land Tyrol' was freed from her enemies by the end of April; the people were in all the joy of liberty and hope, the churches crowded with thankful worshippers, and the bells pealed joyously over mountain and valley. By-and-by, as the excitement subsided, many of the peasants returned to their homes to see to their herds being taken up to the high pastures left free by the melting of the snows, and to the gathering in of the early harvests.



## CHAPTER V.

### CLOUDY DAYS.

IN Austria itself things were not going so well. The Emperor was defeated by the French, and consequently obliged to recall the troops he had sent to the help of Tyrol, and the Archduke John retired into Styria. General Chasteler, however, remained; marching up from Roveredo he encamped early in the month of May in the Valley of the Inn, between Innsbruck and Hall.

The country being thus comparatively undefended, the French marshal Lefebvre Duke of Danzig (the Danziger, as the Tyrolese called him), with the Bavarian generals Wrede and Deroy, entered Tyrol from the north-east

by the town of Reichenhall. They found the peasants somewhat off their guard, and the more so that it being the Feast of the Ascension, they were mostly in church or keeping holiday. They got together, however, as quickly as they could in order to oppose Lefebvre's progress, and he had to fight his way step by step through the great Strub pass and the Achen gorges. For five days the peasants fought incessantly, but had to keep going back and back before the advancing enemy, and on the 13th of May the French vanguard under Wrede attacked and defeated Chasteler at Wörgl (now a peaceful village and railway junction near the river Inn).

Chasteler fled to Hall, where he experienced rather rough treatment at the hands of the peasants, who were convinced that he had not done his utmost in opposing the French forces, and that he need not have allowed himself to be beaten. Finally, he made off over the Brenner Pass, and thus escaped from

both friends and foes. Days of horror followed. Wrede came up the valley massacring as he went, and pillaging villages and churches. The little village of Schwatz in especial suffered horrors indescribable; the place was burnt, and men, women, and children cruelly murdered and thrown into the flames. When Marshal Lefebvre arrived he blamed Wrede severely for his proceedings, but he did much the same thing himself later on. After this Innsbruck fell an easy prey to the French and Bavarians.

Hofer in the south found himself obliged to retreat before General Rusca, but deeply as he grieved over the undoing of his work, he would not despair; he still believed that help would come from the 'Kaiser,' and cheered by a message from the beloved Archduke John, he went back to the Passeyr, raised his men again, and, on the 20th of May, appeared in Meran at the head of 8,000 men. Then to his great indignation he learnt that General

Chasteler, terrified on hearing of Napoleon's decree that if taken he should be shot, was preparing to leave the country. He set out to meet the General at Muhlbach, and implored him to reconsider his determination, and to remember his promise 'to live, to fight, to die with the Tyrolese.' Chasteler yielded to his earnest appeal, and promised to remain, further presenting the Sandwirth with a sword of honour and a brace of pistols. The next day, however, his terrors returned, and he retired with part of the Austrian force, first to Lienz and then to Kreuzberg in Carinthia.

General Buol, with the rest of the Austrian soldiers, remained encamped on the Brenner, not so much from any liking for his situation as from the dread of the peasants' wrath should he follow Chasteler's example.

Andreas Hofer resolved to march on Innsbruck, but some of the Tyrolese, not yet knowing that the victory of Aspern, gained by the Emperor over the French, had once

more placed them on the winning side, thought the attempt madness, and implored the Sandwirth not to ruin himself and them. His answer was short but decisive : ' For God, for the constitution of our country, for our old masters, we must conquer or die ;' and northwards he went, calling on the people to rise in very characteristic words :

' Come to our assistance ! but if you fancy yourselves wiser than Divine Providence, we can do without you !'

Spechbacher at Hall was, of course, ready to join in the attempt ; but first it was needful to hold some communication with the Sandwirth, and as difficult as needful, for every bridge over the Inn was carefully watched. Joseph Spechbacher, however, was not the man to be daunted by difficulty, and he set out accompanied by his faithful farm-servant, George Zoppel, a man named Simon Lechner, a servant girl, and last, but not least, by a large black poodle with a bushy tail.



On reaching the bank of the river they perceived a hundred Bavarians on guard; so, hiding themselves in the bushes, they fired off their rifles, and then, mounting higher up the bank, they fired another volley, so that the soldiers, imagining themselves to be assailed by a large body of men, fled, leaving the way open to the attacking party—three men, a girl, and a dog.

Spechbacher achieved a meeting with Hofer, in which all necessary arrangements were made, and then returned home. His manner of crossing the bridge of Hall was amusing enough. No soul might go over without being searched, and as the party had with them written instructions, it was perplexing. They managed it, however, in this way. First the maid-servant was searched, and, nothing suspicious being found on her, was allowed to cross; then Zoppel went forward, and while the officials were examining him the girl called the poodle, and the dog trotted

over the bridge. Little did the Bavarians think that in his bushy tail were concealed the despatches for which they were so carefully seeking. Finally Spechbacher was searched without being recognised, and allowed to pass. Soon all preparations were made, and the 24th May saw the Tyrolese host encamped on the Schönberg mountains, overlooking Innsbruck, which was now under the command of General Deroy, the Danziger having been recalled to Salzburg upon the defeat of the French at Aspern.





## CHAPTER VI.

### THE ISEL BERG.

THE old road by which Andreas Hofer and his army crossed the Brenner is still to be seen ; and a very narrow one it looks for the passing of so great a host. The end of it comes out on the Isel Berg (or hill), an eminence overlooking Innsbruck. The name of Isel Berg, or Berg Isel, is as dear to a Tyrolese as Bannockburn to a Scot, or Waterloo to an Englishman, and is associated with some of the most glorious memories in the history of his country. At the present time it has been made into a sort of garden dedicated to these same patriotic memories, with monuments here and there to the Tyrol-

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ese soldiers who have fallen fighting in various campaigns for their Kaiser, and in a museum is a collection of guns and fire-arms, some of them being those used on the Berg Isel, in 1809, and some having belonged to the Sandwirth himself.

And a glorious view is that from the Isel Berg, justifying the look of radiant pride which our Tyrolese driver turned on us as we came once more in sight of Innsbruck after a few days' absence. There is the Valley of the Inn stretching right and left as far as one can see, with its great mountain walls rising high on either side, the broad river flowing through the plain, with the towers, buildings, and bridges of Innsbruck lying low and sheltered on each bank of the river. Just below the Isel Berg are the old abbey and church of Wiltau ; and to the right, a little way up the mountain slope, stands the picturesque Castle Ambras, the old abode of Ferdinand, Duke of Tyrol, and Philippine Welser, his beautiful

burgher duchess, who still live in the hearts of their people, though for two centuries they have been sleeping in the silver chapel of the great Franciscan church—the ‘Hofkirche,’ as it is called—whose twin towers can be plainly seen rising among the buildings of Innsbruck.

Down on the Isel Berg, then, came Hofer and his men on that May morning, after a solemn service held on the quiet mountain-side ; and high must their hearts have beat as the jewel, for which they were ready to give their lives, lay fair below them in the morning light.

Spechbacher quickly joined them with the men of the Inn valley, coming from the right by Schwatz, to Castle Ambras ; and the left wing, under Father Haspinger, was stationed near the village of Mutters ; Hofer himself, with the Austrian Lieutenant-Colonel Ertl, commanded the centre, coming, as I have said, straight down on the Isel Berg.

The day did not begin well. Matters were

slightly embroiled by some of Spechbacher's men making a premature attack ; and the fighting on the Berg Isel itself, though furious, was fluctuating. The onslaughts of the Bavarians were well-nigh irresistible, but every inch of ground they gained was quickly retaken by the Tyrolese rushing down from the heights, so that no advantage could be retained, and when night fell the battle was still uncertain. Grave fears, however, filled the Sandwirth's heart as he saw his ammunition failing, with nothing to show for the day's struggle. Happily, Deroy knew nothing of this, and, being in straits himself, he sued for a truce, which Hofer, thinking it a confession of weakness, refused.

Fresh supplies of ammunition reached the Tyrolese, and on the 29th the fight began again, the order of battle being the same as before. The Bavarians at first gained some slight advantages on the Isel Berg and at Ambras, but they only acted as spurs to the

Tyrolese. The Sandwirth concentrated all his forces on the centre, and, sword in hand and praying aloud, he charged with the peasants to the cry of 'For God, the Emperor, and our Fatherland!' and so great was the force with which they hurled themselves down the hillside, that the Bavarians were driven back far into the valley.

The fight was a desperate one. Women and children hovered on the edge, bringing in the spent bullets they had picked up, which became more and more precious as the ammunition again began to fail, and the wounded Tyrolese lying on the slopes of the Berg Isel refused all help from their comrades, that the ranks might not be thinned. And then Teimer and his force appeared suddenly on the Höttingen heights to the north of the town, having been sent round to surprise the enemy. At four o'clock a short suspension of arms was agreed upon, after which the firing began again till dark, and then all was still, The Tyrolese bivouacked on the Isel Berg,

and the Bavarians—little did the Sandwirth guess how *they* were spending the night as he likely enough lay pondering anxiously over the state of affairs, and over his chances of success with the small stock of necessities still remaining.

All through the dark hours the Bavarian army, with horses' hoofs carefully muffled, were stealing out of Innsbruck, cavalry, artillery, and wounded going first, and then the outposts, left to the last to keep up appearances, away over the bridge of Mühldau, and along the Inn valley to Kufstein first, and then to Rosenheim in Bavaria. When morning broke not a soldier was to be seen, and the fifteen thousand peasants had nothing to do but to march down into Innsbruck and straight into the churches, to return thanks to Heaven.

It was decreed by the Sandwirth that the first of June should be for ever observed as a solemn religious festival in memory of the great deliverance.



Baron Hormayer, arriving, so to speak, the day after the fair, reached Innsbruck shortly after the victory, and established himself at once as commander-in-chief in Tyrol in the Burg or palace. He and some of his officers affected to ridicule the devotion of Andreas Hofer and his men, and did not attend the thanksgiving services. One does not see, however, in what way they showed themselves better soldiers than the simple-hearted mountaineers, who prayed for the help of God before the battle, and gave thanks to Him afterwards.

On every side the enemy was being driven back, and from the Vorarlberg, as the corner of country north-west of Tyrol is called, the war was carried right into Wurtemberg and Swabia, where the peasants released the prisoners who had been taken in the great battles between the French and Austrians, and who immediately flocked to join the cause of Austria in Tyrol.




## CHAPTER VII.

### THE TRUCE OF ZNAIM.

ONCE more Tyrol was free ; the work finally done, as the thankful peasants believed, and it only remained to send the glorious news to the Emperor. The joy rose to its highest pitch when, crossing the despatch from Innsbruck, and before he could have heard of the victory gained by his faithful people, there arrived a letter from the beloved ' Franz ' himself, bearing the lucky date of May 29th. The precious letter contained this promise :

' Full of confidence in God and my right, I hereby declare to my faithful country of Tyrol that she shall never more be separated from the empire of Austria, and that I will



sign no peace but one which shall reunite the country to my monarchy.'

These were brave words, golden words to the loyal Tyrolese; every fear vanished—nothing could now separate them from their Kaiser. The Archduke Charles also wrote to General Chasteler (not knowing that he had left the country), 'Animate the courage of the brave Tyrolese. If they remain united, they are invincible.'

All this was conclusive. Never for a moment did it occur to the simple-hearted mountaineers that anything could come between the word of a king and its fulfilment. In this case, alas! came the defeat of the Emperor by the French at Wagram on 6th July, and the armistice of Znaim, signed on the 12th. In this armistice was not one word about Tyrol, and the unhappy country was simply left a prey to Buonaparte's anger, and its people to be treated as rebels. The remaining Austrian troops were recalled, and

that very fine gentleman, Baron Hormayer, also found it a favourable moment for leaving the sinking ship.

For a long time the peasants could not and would not believe that their Kaiser had really forsaken them. Was there not 'Franz's' own letter, promising to sign no treaty which did not secure the reunion of Tyrol to Austria? It could not be.

It *was*, however, and the fact had at last to be realized, with what despair and grief you can well imagine.

The bands of peasants dispersed, and Andreas Hofer took refuge on the Schneeberg, a mountain gorge not far from the Passeyr, having first prevailed on Spechbacher to pause before giving up all hope and leaving the country. The Danziger and his troops were hovering like vultures on the eastern frontier, and soon came swooping up the Inn Valley, making vigorous inquiry as to the state of the country and the fate of the

Tyrolese army. The inhabitants, however, had, with one accord, become suddenly so entirely stupid that not one word of information could be gleaned from any of them. On came Lefebvre, burning and pillaging, much as Wrede had done two months before, and on reaching Hall he sacked the house of Joseph Straub, and announced that if the owner did not at once give himself up, he would, if caught, be hanged without mercy. Straub, safe in the mountains with his men, wrote to his wife that, on the 15th of August next, the peasants would re-enter Hall and Innsbruck as conquerors.

It did not look much like it when the Danziger marched into Innsbruck, calling on the Tyrolese chiefs to surrender themselves and on the peasants to bring in their arms. No one brought in any arms, and only one chief gave himself up; his motive was certainly not one of self-preservation. Straub, in his hiding-place on the Volderberg Mountain,

received a letter from his wife, written just before the sacking of their house, telling him that a gallows was to be set up on the ruins of their home, on which one inhabitant of Hall was to be hanged each day till Straub gave himself up. On this the brave fellow came into Innsbruck and surrendered himself to General Lefebvre, who kept him prisoner probably for the reason that he might prove a valuable hostage.

Things were in this state when, to add to the general despondency, there came a letter from the Archduke John entreating the Tyrolese to lay down their arms.

From his refuge on the Schneeberg the Sandwirth watched the course of affairs in an anguish of sorrow, sore beset by doubts and fears as to the right thing to be done, and it is told that he spent days of fasting and prayer on the lonely mountain-side ere he could make up his mind. After that he took his resolution and, once resolved, nothing could move him: he made his declaration

that he would 'stand by his fellow countrymen to the last drop of his blood, were it only as chief of the Passeyr men.'

In answer he was proclaimed 'Commander-in-Chief of the Province' so long as it pleases God.'

Joachim Haspinger called together a meeting of chiefs at Brixen; Martin Schenk, Peter Kenmater, and the other Capuchin, Peter Mayr, were there, and a letter was read from Andreas Hofer exhorting them to make another effort on behalf of the country. To the country at large he issued a stirring proclamation: 'Place all your hope in God; we have already done things at which other nations wonder, not by our own strength, but thanks to the evident help which has come to us from above. Virtue makes strong men and changes cowards into heroes. It is not now a question only of saving our fortunes—no! it is our holy religion which is threatened with open peril. For it we began the great

work—we must finish it. Doing things by halves is doing nothing! Up! brothers and neighbours, to arms against the enemies of heaven and earth! Let not one delay, and let our only and our last cry be: For God, for the Emperor Franz, conquer or die!’

Then, as in the spring, messages began to pass along the mountain-paths, and letters went to and fro—letters addressed to ‘Andre Hofer, where he is,’ and receiving replies from ‘Andre Hofer, from where I am,’ and, however wanting in intelligence General Lefebvre may have found the peasants, you may be sure that these letters reached their destination without much difficulty.

Amongst other messages, one of rather a different kind from the rest was brought to the Sandwirth; it was a summons from the Danziger, bidding him appear at Innsbruck, and the answer must have been unexpected. Hofer returned as his reply that he would come, but that it would be with 10,000 rifle-shooters.





## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE EISACK VALLEY.

THE campaign opened almost in the same manner as did that of the 11th of April, and it makes one realize the courage and perseverance that was needed thus to begin again from the beginning. Nothing is much more disheartening than the having to go all over again the ground once made our own and then lost.

Andreas Hofer began making his way over the Jaufen Pass ; the peasants from the south came up the Eisack Valley, while the French, under Rouyer, set out from Sterzing in search of the enemy. A vanguard of Saxons, under D'Henning, was sent forward, and they swept down the gorge, driving the Tyrolese before

them, as far as the bridge of Laditch. Here the peasants stopped and turned upon their pursuers; and a fearful turning it was. By the advice of Grub, one of their leaders, they burned the bridge and then threw themselves on the Saxons with such fury that they were forced to entrench themselves as best they might in the village of Oberau, and await in fear and anxiety the arrival of Rouyer with the main body; but Rouyer never came.

Still expecting to come up with the enemy, he had marched down the ever narrowing valley till he came to a part where overhanging rocks border the ravine, and the Eisack runs swiftly below. Still no sign or sound of the foe; all is quiet, till, in the narrowest part of the gorge, one voice is heard overhead, 'Is it time?' And the answer is an avalanche of rocks and stones, and rafts of cut trees piled up with masses of stone, sent spinning down on the heads of the advancing French.

The 'Rothbart' Haspinger is up there, and

this is the reception he has prepared for the enemy.

An awful silence follows the crash—a silence as of death, broken only by the rushing sound of the river, and then begins a fusilade from the sharpshooters, which soon drives Rouyer, with the few men left to him, to get back as quickly as he can to Sterzing, leaving the unhappy Saxons to their fate. They fell like mown grass before the Tyrolese, and D'Henning met his death like the brave man he was.

To this day the spot is called the 'Saxon Valley'—a quiet place enough now, only disturbed by the sound of trains rushing swiftly down towards Italy.

Andreas Hofer, after crossing the Jaufen, a less difficult business now than in the half-thawed snows of April, was joined by Spechbacher, and began to make his way by a short cut towards Sterzing.

In the meantime Marshal Lefebvre, having

been startled out of his security at Innsbruck by the news of the disaster at Oberau, hastily despatched Count Wittgenstein with a detachment to clear the road as far as Steinach, where he soon after arrived himself. Finding there a few of the Saxons escaped from the horrors of the Saxon Valley, he reprimanded them severely for having allowed themselves to be beaten by those 'fools of peasants,' and, after setting fire to the village of Ried, came on to Sterzing, from whence he sent messengers to the Tyrolese in the Eisack Valley with peaceful offers. The answer came from Johann Grub (the same who had advised the burning of the bridge of Laditch), and ran as follows :

'GENERAL,—We see and hear of your burnings and ravages, and the barbarity with which you treat our prisoners, with extreme pain and indignation. You know that we have taken several of yours, and until now all have been well treated ; but I tell you, unless

on the 14th of August Andreas Hofer appeared once more on the Brenner heights above the Isel Berg.

Matters were prospering equally well in other parts of Tyrol. A body of men, intended to pounce on the rear of Hofer's army, was met by a band of Tyrolese, at Prutz, north-west of Sterzing, not far from the Pontlatzer Bridge, already famous for a defeat of the Bavarians in years gone by, and were totally routed after two days' fighting. General Rusca came along the Puster Valley from Carinthia, committing horrible cruelties on the way, till he reached Lienz, where the peasant forces met him and gave him such a beating as obliged him to return ignominiously to Carinthia ; and the army of Italy, marching northwards with the intention of joining Marshal Lefebvre when he should come down the Eisack Valley from Sterzing, finding both that and the Etsch Valley up in arms, abandoned the attempt and retired.



## CHAPTER IX.

### THE FIFTEENTH OF AUGUST.

ONCE again the Sandwirth and 80,000 peasants were stationed above the Isel Berg, ready to make another attempt upon Innsbruck, and in their ranks were 300 Austrians who had refused to leave Tyrol on the recall of the troops after the truce of Znaim.

The Sandwirth had his head-quarters at the Spade Inn, on the Schonberg, and, as before, Haspinger commanded on the left, and Spechbacher on the right: in the low ground between Innsbruck and the Berg Isel lay the Danziger, with 25,000 men.

Early on the morning of the 14th, prayers were said throughout the ranks of the Tyrolese,

and at six the attack began. By nine o'clock the Isel Berg was taken by the peasants, but the battle still raged fiercely in the plain, till the taking of the Sill bridge in the town itself decided the victory as night began to fall. Marshal Lefebvre did not wait to be forced to surrender, but putting horses to his carriage, he quitted Innsbruck in hot haste, taking with him two prisoners too valuable to be left behind—the Count of Sarntheim, and the widowed Baroness von Sternbach. Another still more important prisoner—by name Joseph Straub—should have also accompanied the Marshal; but that while standing waiting for his fellow-prisoner to enter the carriage, he made a sudden spring, vaulted over the pole, flew on to the Inn bridge, and from thence into the river, where he remained hidden under one of the arches till the Danziger, having no time to lose, had driven off. Emerging from the water when all was safe, Straub joined his Tyrolese brothers in the entry into Innsbruck,

which, two months before, he had predicted for that very day, the 15th of August.

Marshal Lefebvre retreated to Kufstein, closely followed by Spechbacher, who destroyed a great portion of his rearguard at Schwatz, and then on into Salzburg. Later he described this retreat in a despatch to the Emperor Napoleon in a manner entirely his own :

‘Not a defeat, but a retrograde movement. Yes, sire, it is one of those retreats of which history speaks so much, that your army has just made.’

The Emperor, however, seems to have looked at the matter rather differently, for on the Duke of Danzig presenting himself before him, he thus addressed him :

‘Well, M le Maréchal, have you learnt military tactics from the Tyrolese this time?’

A proud day was that 15th of August for the Tyrolese. Their beloved Sandwirth, for



once taking state upon him as became the chosen Commander-in-Chief of Tyrol, made his triumphal entry into the capital in an open carriage drawn by four greys, the property of a certain Madame d'Epplen, who was kept in a gentle imprisonment as the wife of a Bavarian General, until a favourable exchange could be made, and who afterwards received back her greys in excellent condition. At first Andreas took up his abode at the inn of the Golden Eagle, and as the enraptured peasants crowded under the windows of the quaint old inn, he thus addressed them :

‘ God greet you, my dear Innsbruckers. As you wished me to be your Commander-in-Chief, here I am. But there are many others here who are no Innsbruckers. All those who wish to be among my brothers-in-arms must fight for God, Emperor, and Fatherland, as brave, honourable, and honest Tyrolese—all who wish to be my brothers-in-arms. Those who don't wish to do this may go home—I

advise them ; and those that go with me must never forsake me—I will never forsake them, as truly as my name is Andere Hofer. So I have told you, and you have seen me—God be with you !'

A short speech, and not very polished, but certainly much to the purpose.

The mountaineers amused themselves by marching in procession through the town, and then, when at a loss what to do next, the idea seems to have occurred to them that it would be a good plan to go and seize on the arms which Marshal Lefebvre had taken in the neighbouring villages and placed in the Burg (or palace).

Word of this was brought to Andreas Hofer as he sat at dinner with a friend, and promptly he jumped up, threw open the window, and harangued the noisy crowd, much as a father might a troop of unruly holiday boys.

'What are you here for ? Is it to rob and plague people ? You ought to be ashamed of

yourselves. Why don't you go after the enemy? They are not too far off. Go after them to the lowlands—go, I say, for I won't have you here! And if you don't do as I bid you, I won't be your leader any more!

When last at Innsbruck I stood at a low wide window in the inn of the Golden Eagle, looking down into the street below. It was the same from which Hofer addressed the 'Innsbruckers' on that 15th of August, and one could easily imagine how the street must have looked with its throng of excited men, with the bright colours of green and red coats and waistcoats, and embroidered belts, and hats decked with flowers and black-cock's tails thrown high in the air. The window is at the end of a sort of lobby, and on the wall hangs a picture of the Sandwirth, close by the door of the room he occupied, into which we were also allowed to go by the hostess, a kindly Bozen woman, well pleased at our interest in

the hero. Downstairs in the long 'guest-room' she showed us a receipt in Hofer's handwriting, written when he was in South Tyrol in the spring of that year, 1809. Its form is simple enough.

'Receipt for a half-carriage with a vorspann (team of three horses) which was wanted for Johann of Hofer's company.

ADERE HOFER, *Commandant*,  
PASSEYR.

Lebico, 12th May, 1809.

The receipt hangs framed on the wall with a printed copy of the Sandwirth's speech, one of which the landlady gave to each of us, at the same time writing down for me the name of the Bozen miller at whose house we afterwards saw some letters of Hofer's, and the old nut-wood table I told you of.





## CHAPTER X.

### THE BURG AND THE HOFKIRCHE.

AND now there began for the peasant Governor of Tyrol a time of surprising state and magnificence—a time that more than any other, perhaps, showed what manner of man he was ; for it is not always seasons of excitement and strong endeavour that show the whole of a man's character—sudden elevation to unaccustomed greatness is often more trying ; but the Sandwirth bore the test nobly.

As Governor of Tyrol and Viceroy of the Emperor, it was not thought fitting that he should remain at the old Golden Eagle, and he therefore took up his abode at the Burg,

the residence of former Governors of Tyrol, where he contrived, with some difficulty it must be owned, to keep up some appearance of state. He had a body-guard about him—a somewhat rough one perhaps—chosen from his peasant brothers-in-arms, who usually sat in the ante-rooms of the palace, in their shirt sleeves and with long pipes in their mouths, waiting to admit the many visitors who crowded in for interviews on all manner of subjects with the Commander-in-Chief, or ‘Father Hofer,’ as he preferred to be called. He never could bring himself to allow people to address him as ‘Excellency’ or ‘Von\* Hofer;’ ‘I am Andere Hofer the peasant,’ he used to say. In addition to this, he exchanged his ordinary hat for one adorned with a plume of feathers, and an inscription, which had been presented to him by the Ursuline Sisters of Innsbruck; and here his magnificence seems to have ended, for he continued

\* ‘Von’ is the mark of nobility in Germany.

to wear the green coat, red waistcoat and leathern belt and breeches which he wore in the Passeyr Valley, and refused to spend more on his food than he had been accustomed to do at the Wirtshaus-am-Sand, namely, thirty or forty kreutzers a day, or about tenpence of English money. He was fond of showing hospitality, however, and liked to have his friends to sup with him, but for these gatherings there was a rule from which he never departed, that 'those who ate with him should also pray with him,' and after the meal he and his guests invariably recited the evening prayers together.

A favourite recreation of the Sandwirth's, when there was a lull in the business that filled the day, was standing at the window with his elbows on the sill, watching the gay movement of town life, and if it so happened that a herd of cattle with their tinkling bells passed under the windows of the Burg on their way down from the higher pastures, the

Commander-in-Chief would hurry down to the street for a closer inspection and to criticise the animals as they went by.

Much grave and important business, however, occupied the days, and many excellent laws and decrees were passed during the administration, of Andreas Hofer. He formed a council to assist him in the government, he restored the ecclesiastical institutions of Marienberg, Meran and Bozen, which had been suppressed under the Bavarian rule, and he issued a new coinage of twenty-kreutzer pieces, 'Sandwirth's Zwanzigers' as they were called, 'zwanzig' meaning 'twenty.' These coins are regarded as precious relics in the Tyrol, and I was fortunate enough to find two of them in an old shop at Innsbruck.

The reformation of the capital itself was very near the Sandwirth's heart. It grieved him to see that the unsettled times had had their usual ill effects on the town, and he promptly took measures for the expulsion of



all marauders and lawless persons, expressing in an address dated August 25th his own views on the duties of citizens :

‘Let hatred, jealousy, and the spirit of rapine, and of all other vices, be banished; let the respect due to authority be paid, and let each do all he can for his fellow-citizens, and especially let scandal be avoided.’

It greatly displeased the Governor to observe that the women of Innsbruck had taken to imitating French fashions in dress, and he wrote a public letter enjoining a more modest and suitable style, and forbidding the wearing of the long curls then in fashion. With regard to these last, his method of reform was, it must be owned, a rather rough and ready one, for he made it lawful for any peasant to cut them off on the spot. One can picture the wrath of the ladies at having to return with shorn locks from shopping or amusement. It was also a distress to Andreas Hofer’s home-loving heart to see dissensions

where above all there should be peace and unity, and he gave much thought and care to the making-up of domestic quarrels. This, however, he found, as others have found before and since, a more difficult matter even than public legislation.

I told you of the lady, Madame d'Epplen, who had been detained in Innsbruck, and whose horses had been of service to the conqueror; besides her there was another prisoner, Baron Völderndorf, and it was hoped that these two might be exchanged for the widow lady and the old Count who had been carried away by Marshal Lefebvre. The Sandwirth's manner of negotiating this exchange was, in its way, almost as unusual as the Danziger's treatment of the envoys sent to him at Sterzing. He quietly told the Baron to go to Munich and arrange the matter for himself and Madame d'Epplen, only adding that of course, if he did not succeed, he would return to Innsbruck. The Baron

did not succeed, and came back to his prison. It is pleasant to see two high-minded, honourable men thus understanding one another.

A great day, the greatest, perhaps, in the Sandwirth's life (as we are prone to judge things), was yet to come. On the 29th of September there arrived at the Burg, Hofer's former adjutant, Eisenstecken, and Major Sieberer, bringing a despatch from the Emperor Franz himself, in which he ratified all that the Sandwirth had done, and confirmed his appointment as Governor of Tyrol, and, in token of his high regard, the letter was accompanied by a gold medal and chain for the decoration of his faithful servant.

Great was the triumph and elation of the peasants, and his own loyal heart glowed at the approval and (as he deemed it) the support of his beloved Kaiser ; but, ever slow to appropriate personal honour, he delayed putting on the decoration, preferring to re-

ceive it at the hands of the Church. Accordingly, on the 4th of October, the Emperor's name-day, there was held a special and solemn service in the great Franciscan church or Hofkirche. The Bishop of Wiltau stood in the nave to receive Andreas Hofer as he entered, surrounded by a body-guard of peasants, and passing between the lines of huge bronze figures erected long before by Kaiser Maximilian, knelt humbly before the High Altar. Seated there in a chair of state, he listened to a sermon preached by an old priest, Tschiderer, in which the Tyrolese were bidden to ascribe to God all the glory of their successes. A mighty *Te Deum* of praise followed; after which the Sandwirth knelt before the Bishop, who placed on his neck the golden chain and badge.

Merrily the bells of Innsbruck chimed as the procession returned to the Palace to a great banquet prepared in honour of the Governor. His speech on the occasion has

been preserved to us ; a unique specimen of speaking at a public dinner :

‘Gentlemen, I thank you. News I have none to give you to-day. I have three messengers on the road, Hansel Watcher, Seppel Sixten, and Franz Memmet ; the lot of them might have been here long ago. I expect the vagabonds every hour.’

This was indeed the very noon-tide of the Sandwirth’s glory : but shadows were even then approaching to dim its brightness. That very evening there were rumours floating of a *permanent* peace between Austria and France. Andreas went to the theatre to witness the performance of a piece in his honour ; but, restless and miserable at the reports that had reached him, he left the place, and when a friend found him standing beneath one of the lanterns hung by great chains across the narrow streets, and expostulated with him for having withdrawn himself

from what was intended to do him honour, he answered in deep sadness :

‘How can I enjoy these honours when I know our cause is not prospering in other parts of the country ?’

Prospering indeed it was not. The peace of Schönbrunn had been signed between the two Emperors, and in it was no reference whatever to the country which, undaunted by coldness and half-heartedness, had stood loyally and bravely by its Emperor.

And now Buonaparte had leisure to turn his attention more entirely to the insolent little province which had dared to brave his will.





## CHAPTER XI.

### DARKER AND DARKER.

A FRESH invasion of Tyrol followed immediately on the peace of Schönbrunn. Rusca was sent to try the Pusterthal again, the French under Peyri entered from the south, while from the north came General Drouet d'Erlon, with three Bavarian divisions commanded by the Prince Royal, Wrede and Leroy came from Salzburg by the old way of the Strub Pass.

Spechbacher made a brave attempt to defend the Pass, but on the 18th of October he was entirely defeated, and his gallant little son made prisoner. They showed the boy a part of his father's dress and his sabre stained

with blood, and told him that he had been killed. Anderl cried bitterly, and then marched off silently with the other prisoners into Bavaria. At Munich he was taken before the King, who treated the boy with kindness, and provided for his education at the Royal School.

Spechbacher was not dead, but he had been wounded, and dragged up the mountains by the peasants, and placed out of reach of pursuit. Joachim Haspinger fled with the remnants of the Tyrolese force to Muhrau, and Hofer on the Isel Berg waited for Drouet d'Erlon, who sent to announce to him formally the peace signed between the two Emperors. The peasants irresistibly drawn to the Sandwirth kept flocking to him, though half despairing, and answering those who tried to dissuade them, that 'they wished for nothing so much as for peace, but that they could not leave their posts, because the Commandant had forbidden it.'



On the 27th of October a dragoon arrived at Innsbruck, bringing a copy of the proclamation just issued at Villach by Prince Eugene Beauharnais — Buonaparte's step-son — to whom the direction of the new campaign had been entrusted. The document announced again the conclusion of peace, and called on the Tyrolese to lay down their arms.

But for all this the peasants could not be brought to believe that their Kaiser had indeed forsaken them, and many doubts were expressed as to the genuineness of the document. Two days later, however, sad certainty was brought by a letter from the Archduke John, sorrowfully imploring the troops to lay down their arms, as no more help might be looked for from Austria. We may well believe that this letter cost 'Hanserl' much in the writing, for he appears to have been sincerely attached to the Tyrolese, though powerless to fulfil the promises he had made them. Hofer called a council, in which it was

decided that further resistance was useless, and that Prince Eugene's proclamation must be complied with ; and the horses were already in the carriage which was to take the Sandwirth to surrender himself to the Prince Royal of Bavaria, when in hot haste arrived Haspinger the Capuchin.

No thoughts of surrender were in the 'Rothbart's' mind, and taking Hofer aside, he vehemently assured him that the whole thing was a delusion—it was utterly impossible that the Kaiser should belie his word, and the armistice must not be trusted in for a moment. The earnestness and perfect conviction with which he spoke so worked on Andreas that he consented to make another effort, and on the 30th of November wrote to Straub of Hall :

'DEAR STRAUB,

'We are reduced to extremities, but we will risk all. . . . If they once get our

carabines, they will do what they like with us ! We are going to try a desperate stroke, and, God helping, it will be decisive. My people are going to throw themselves in the night on the enemy encamped at Hoetting. When you hear the firing, attention ! cut off his retreat. Farewell.'

Early the next morning Straub was ready at Volders, Spechbacher at Hall, Sieber opposite Castle Ambras, all awaiting the signal of attack, but this, owing to the negligence of one Firler, who commanded on the left wing, was so long in coming, that the enemy had time to prepare, and after three hours of desperate struggle, the famous Isel Berg remained in the hands of the Bavarians. Spechbacher held out all day, but at last had to fall back on Rinn, and Hofer crossing the Brenner, remained in possession of Steniach, from whence he sent Sieberer and Donay on an embassy to Prince Eugene at Villach.

These envoys were well and hospitably received, and remained some days with the Prince.

They were trying and anxious days to the Sandwirth, but through all he kept repeating : 'The good Lord God will arrange all rightly.' To Drouet d'Erlon he sent a proposal of dispersing his men, provided the French troops remained perfectly quiet until the peasants should have reached their own homes, but the letter was immediately published by the General as an unconditional surrender, accompanied with a threat of shooting anyone found bearing arms.

Deeply wounded at such a construction being put on his proposal, Hofer retired to Sterzing, where he was joined by Donay and Sieberer from Villach. They brought a message full of conciliation from Prince Eugene.

'Return to your friends,' he said, 'and tell them from me that the workman may

return to his workshop, the townsman to his business, and the peasant to his plough. Let the Tyrolese make known to me their complaints, and they will be listened to.'

The Sandwirth felt that such offers as these could not be disregarded, and he caused Donay to write a proclamation announcing that the war was ended, and bidding the peasants lay down their arms. The Bavarian prisoners were set at liberty, and Andreas returned sadly to the Passeyr.

And now we come to the great mistake—fault we might call it—of the Sandwirth's career. The mountaineers, mad with despair at the thought of being again subjected to the Bavarian yoke, gathered round him, calling on him to rise once more for the salvation of their unhappy land, some of them in their wild grief even putting a pistol to his breast. And the Sandwirth—how could he forget that he had sworn to stand by them to the last drop of his blood? how could he consult, or

even seem to consult, his own safety by submission when his people were imploring his help? He yielded ; and suddenly there rang again through Meran the cry, 'The Sandwirth is up!' and the peasants flocked to arms.

In vain Donay, understanding better than they did the true state of affairs, did his utmost to quiet them ; they turned on him with cries of 'He has betrayed the country! He has betrayed the Sandwirth!' and finally he was obliged to fly from their fury to his native village of Schlanders, where his mother received him on the threshold of his home with the epithet of 'seller of souls!'

Hofer published another manifesto, declaring that in sending forth the last one he had listened to evil counsellors, and adding :

'Still fight in defence of your native country ; I shall fight with you and for you as a father for his children.'

So one more effort at resistance was attempted, hopeless from the first, though the

determination of the peasants brought them even now some success. Baraguay d'Hilliers and Rusca had to fight their way step by step along the Pusterthal, and the peasants held Mühlbach for two days, but in vain. Rusca still advanced, and came as far as the old Castle of Tyrol, near Meran. Here he dispersed his soldiers in search of arms, and, being attacked by Haspinger and Torggler, was defeated with great loss. At St. Leonard, in the Passeyr, a detachment, under Brigadier Dorelli, after losing 400 men, had to surrender to the Sandwirth, who spared all the provisions, but exacted an indemnity for the burning of churches and villages.

A curious thing happened in the Paznaun—a narrow gorge, leading into the Upper Inn. General Raglovitch arrived there to disperse the peasants, who had to fly. The General and his Bavarians in hot pursuit were with difficulty making their way along the frozen mountain-path, when they found themselves

suddenly attacked from the opposite side of the narrow gorge, and the Tyrolese, emboldened by the arrival of help, turned and made another attack so vigorous, that the Bavarians were forced to surrender. And then it was shown who they were that had come to the rescue. They were the wives of the fugitives, who, while weeping in their village church, and lamenting the probable fate of their husbands, had been told by the priest, 'Ah! there is better to be done than crying: take guns and scythes, and let us go and save your husbands;' and the relief-party immediately set out, headed by the priest's sister.

But winter—the bitter Alpine winter—did more than French and Bavarian muskets to quell the Insurrection; and, by the middle of December, nearly all the chiefs had accepted the amnesty offered by Prince Eugene and General Baraguay d'Hilliers, who were both of them anxious to spare the lives of their gallant enemies.



The Sandwirth, however, knowing that their goodwill would be powerless against their master Buonaparte's orders, would not trust himself in their hands; but, placing his three girls in safety with a friend at St. Martin, and his wife and son on the Schneeberg (the 'Snow Mountain,' a cold-sounding place of retreat for December), withdrew to a tiny pasture-hut, belonging to one 'Pfandler,' left vacant in winter on the Brantach Mountain, high above the Passeyr Valley.

Thus the flames of insurrection died out, and it only remained to trample on the embers, that no spark might be left to be rekindled in the future.



## CHAPTER XII.

### TRAMPLING OUT.

A CRUEL one it was—terrible days of vengeance and retaliation followed, especially in the Brixen and Pusterthal districts, where Severoli and Broussin commanded.

At Silliam, Severoli had a peasant shot in presence of his ten children, who vainly implored mercy. At Mitterolang, an old man was arrested and condemned to be shot unless his son, a young Tyrolese lieutenant, should surrender himself. The young man was in hiding in the forest, but, on hearing of his father's peril, immediately gave himself up, and for him Broussin devised a terrible punishment. He decreed that he should be

shot at his own door before the eyes of his old father and of his young wife ; and that his body should be left there, hanging on a gibbet, to inspire terror into the hearts of his fellow-countrymen. The wife threw herself on the ground before the General, and clung to his kees as she implored her husband's life ; but he remained unmoved and walked on, dragging the poor young thing along the ground as she still clung to him in the agony of despair. A good old priest, Franz Moerl, succeeded in persuading the executioner to remove the execution a few paces farther off, but that was all that could be done—the sentence was carried out, and a little chapel now marks the spot, with the whole sad story painted on its walls.

A noble example of truth and steadfastness was given by Peter Mayr, an innkeeper, near Brixen, and one of the chiefs of the Insurrection, who was arrested, and taken to Bozen for trial by court-martial. The sentence was

death, and Mayr went back to his prison-cell to await it. Then his wife went to the wife of General Baraguay d'Hilliers, herself a German, and besought her to intercede with her husband for the life of the prisoner. The General, always generously inclined towards the brave peasants, did his very utmost. It was arranged with the lawyer, who had defended Mayr, that if he could be brought to say that he had not read Prince Eugene's proclamation of the 13th of November, forbidding the carrying of arms under pain of death, or at least that he had not understood it, he might yet be got off. But no ! Peter Mayr answered simply that he had read the proclamation, and had understood it very well indeed. Nothing could move him ; and, in reply to his wife's entreaties, he only answered :

‘ I do not wish to escape death at the price of a lie.’

So quietly and calmly he suffered, going to

his death with a crucifix in his hand, which he gave to the priest, saying gently :

‘ I should not like it to be hurt.’

Haspinger and Spechbacher narrowly escaped with their lives. The former, putting no trust in Prince Eugene’s promises of pardon, made his way through danger and difficulty into Switzerland, whence he came back by unfrequented paths to Carinthia, and on to Vienna. The ‘Rothbart’ lived to a good old age, and only died at Salzburg in the year 1858.

The story of Spechbacher’s adventures is more wonderful than any romance. Hearing that a price had been put on his head, he wandered about, hiding how and where he could ; and now his old hunting acquaintance with the country stood him in good stead. Once when he was taking refuge in a certain house, some wretched fellow betrayed where he was, and the house was immediately surrounded by Bavarians. Spechbacher climbed

up on to the roof, and from thence took a flying leap (probably a leap in the dark, which this time turned out lucky), and made off into the neighbouring forest, where he hid for nearly a month, starved almost to death with cold and hunger. Wandering about, one day, to his great surprise, he met his wife and children, also half starved, and flying from the enemy. Together they all took refuge on the Volderberg, till, after some weeks, their hiding-place was discovered, and Spechbacher had to fly once more, while his family seems for some reason to have been able to return home in safety.

A cavern on the Eisgletscher (ice-mountain) now became Spechbacher's home, and there he lived in the bitter cold, not daring to light a fire lest the smoke should betray him, till March came, and with it a gleam of sunshine. The poor chilled prisoner crept out of his cave into the sunshine to get a little warmth into his frozen limbs, when suddenly down

came an avalanche, or snow-torrent, from the mountain above, and swept the unfortunate man along with it in its headlong course. After being carried down a quarter of a mile Spechbacher found himself alive, certainly, but with a dislocated hip, and in this miserable condition he contrived painfully to drag himself to the village of Volderberg, and into a stable belonging to a friendly peasant, who carried him to his own home at Rinn. The place was full of Bavarians, and there was no refuge for the hunted man save in his own cow-house, where his faithful servant Georg Zoppel (the same who accompanied him over the Bridge of Hall in the adventure of the black poodle) hid him without revealing his presence even to Spechbacher's wife, fearing lest her anxiety might betray the secret. For six long weeks the injured man lay under the straw in the cow-house, hearing and seeing the Bavarian soldiers as they came in and out, and knowing that his life hung on a thread,

till at length the troops were moved on and he was free to emerge. Then it was found that the perfect stillness in which he had been forced to lie had cured his hip, and he was able to make his way along the Salza river and through the Styrian Alps to Vienna where he was joined by his wife and children. Eventually he died at his old home, at Hall, in 1830.







## CHAPTER XIII.

### THE HUT IN THE SNOW.

ALL this time the Sandwirth, with his young secretary Sweth, was living in the tiny hut on the Pfandler Alp, a world of ice and snow around them, pinched with cold in the bitter frosts, and yet not daring to light a fire, and depending for food on the provisions which Pfandler and other brave friends contrived to bring them. With the food came messages—messages even from Kaiser Franz himself—imploping Andreas to make his escape to Vienna, where he might live in safety. But to all entreaties the Sandwirth returned the same answer: 'I cannot leave the country.'

He would not even shave off the long

beard by which he was so well known, saying that he knew no Tyrolese would betray him, and the only precaution he allowed was the writing of some letters in his name by his secretary, dated from Vienna, which letters being spread about the country by the friends who brought him food, kept up the notion that he had left Tyrol.

A price of six thousand gulden had been set on the Sandwirth's head, but of those who knew or discovered his whereabouts, all remained faithful—all but *one*. Alas that in the land he loved so well, *one* should have been found who thought it worth while to barter the truth and loyalty of a Tyrolese for six thousand gulden! one too, whom Hofer had once called his friend, and to whose little son he had given his own name of 'Andreas' at the font. The traitor was one Franz Raffl. I have said that the Sandwirth and his companions dared not allow themselves the luxury of a fire, but bore as best they might their

severe hardships. One day, however, Hofer's wife with their young boy, presented herself at the door of the hut. She had found that their hiding-place on the Schneeberg was no longer a safe one, and so had made her way to her husband to share with him the poor shelter of the pasture-hut. Andreas had not the heart to condemn a woman and a child to the same suffering which he had endured, and a fire was lighted. Then Raffl, who had taken it into his traitorous head that the Sandwirth was not as far off as people supposed, prowling about in hopes of some discovery which might make a rich man of him, suddenly espied the thin blue smoke wreath rising against the snows of the Brantach mountain.

And so it came to pass that, emerging one morning from the dark hut into the clear, frosty air, the Sandwirth found his old acquaintance lurking about his hiding-place.

Full of disquietude, he implored him to keep his secret, and even gave him all the

money he could spare. Raffl promised, and then went straight to the Government official at St. Leonards, in Passeyr, and reported his discovery. The officer refused to believe his story, saying that it was well known that Hofer was in Vienna ; but Raffl insisted, and the matter had to be reported to General Huart, at Meran. The very same day an army of 1,500 men marched up the Passeyr Valley, headed by the traitor. All through the night they marched, and on reaching the village of St. Martin, a detachment of 600 men was sent up on to the Brantach mountain, and reached the Pfandler Alp in the early morning.

The secretary Sweth was the first to hear the trampling of feet, and he and young Hofer sprang, half dressed, from the window of the hayloft ; they were quickly seized, bound, and laid down on the snow. In a few minutes the door of the hut was opened, and the Sandwirth appeared, saying quietly :

‘ Which of you can speak German ? ’ And

as the officer in command advanced, he continued: 'You are come to take me. Very well; I am Andre Hofer. Do as you like with me; I am the guilty one. I ask mercy for my wife, my son, and this young man; they are innocent.'

But mercy was in no one's thoughts just then. The soldiers threw a cord round the Sandwirth's neck, they bound his hands with cruel tightness behind his back, and then, helpless as he was, they struck and insulted him, pulling out pieces of his long beard, so that the blood flowed and froze on his face in the piercing cold; then, after collecting what they could find in the hut—a little money and some arms, which they might be thankful that such a dead shot as the Sandwirth had not made use of—they marched down to St. Martin, dragging their prisoners with them along the rough slippery path. The poor boy and the secretary had neither coats nor shoes on, and their feet were sorely cut as they trod the icy road. Hofer walked calmly on, giving

no sign of what he suffered, and bidding Sweth and his son be patient and courageous, adding : ' We can in this way do penance for our sins.'

The troops left at St. Martin had amused themselves by ransacking the Wirthshaus-am-Sand ; they now joined the procession, and for weary hours the Sandwirth marched as a prisoner, ill-treated and insulted, through his own beloved Passeyr valley. The inhabitants shut themselves into their houses, resistance was useless, and they could not look on the humiliation of the man they so passionately loved.

At Meran the troops were met by General Huart, and Hofer was brought before him and questioned. In his replies he frankly acknowledged that he had ever acted in the name of the Emperor, but that in the last rising he had yielded to the prayers and threats of the people. He was then thrown into a wretched carriage—probably in front of what is now the Archduke John's Hotel, as it

was the old posting Inn of Meran—and driven over the bridge across the Passeyr river, and away through the lovely Etsch Valley to Bozen. Here the prisoners were received by General Baraguay d'Hilliers, who, being a brave man and a good soldier, was beyond measure indignant at the treatment to which they had been subjected, and showed the Sandwirth all the kindness and courtesy in his power. Here also Hofer took leave of his wife and son before being taken on his way down to Mantua, in Italy.

A curious incident happened on the journey. The officers in charge of the detachment invited their prisoner to dine with them one evening when they halted for the night ; but Andreas, glancing at the well-spread table as he entered the room, and seeing nothing there which he might eat—it being a fast day—quietly declined, saying he would have some bread by-and-by, and, sitting down by the stove, began to recite the evening prayers to

himself. It would have been well if his hosts had exercised a little of a like self-restraint, for it ended in their drinking a great deal too much, and, in some way or another, setting fire to the house. Hofer, springing out of bed, found the soldier set to guard him lying at his door suffocated with smoke, and very soon he was helping in every possible way to extinguish the flames. Someone suggested to the Sandwirth to seize the opportunity of escaping, but he replied that he could not do that, it would be against his honour; and when, in the morning, he was thanked for what he had done, he said he did not see in what way he had deserved thanks, since he supposed that all good Christians would help in putting out a fire.

When the escort and their prisoner reached Mantua, Hofer was placed in a fortress on the banks of the Mincio. On the night of the 18th-19th February a court-martial was held, presided over, strangely enough, by General



Bisson—the same who had had to surrender himself to Martin Teimer at the first taking of Innsbruck. The votes were divided: all were for sparing the life of the prisoner, two were even for acquitting him altogether, but when the result of the court-martial was telegraphed to Milan, the answer came from the Emperor Napoleon: Andreas Hofer was to be shot within four-and-twenty hours. To his honour, be it said, General Bisson did his utmost to save his noble enemy. He went to him in his prison, and promised to obtain his life for him on condition of his entering the French service—a proposal which showed more goodwill than knowledge of the man with whom he had to deal. Hofer's answer was like himself: 'I remain faithful to the house of Austria, and the good Emperor Franz!'

So the Sandwirth was to die. The *great* Emperor could not forgive the peasant who had dared to resist him in defence of his country's faith and freedom.



## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE TWENTIETH OF FEBRUARY.

ANDREAS received his sentence in perfect calmness, though it appears to have been quite unexpected. To the last he had felt sure that his own Kaiser would be able to save him ; but when all hope had to be given up he quietly set himself to prepare for the end.

At five o'clock, on the morning of the 20th, he was writing his last wishes to his brother-in-law in the Passeyr. The letter is still kept in the Wirthshaus am Sand, written in the Tyrolese dialect. It is difficult to translate, and some of it would scarcely be understood by English readers ; this, however, is the gist of it.

‘DEAREST HERR BROTHER,

‘It is the Divine Will that I must here, in Mantua, exchange my temporal for the eternal life; but, God be thanked, by His Divine grace, it has appeared as easy to me as if I were to be led out to anything else. God will give me grace also in the last moment, that my soul . . . may be for ever free, where I shall pray to God for all to whom I owe prayers . . . and for you and your dear wife, on account of the little book, and for other good deeds. Also all the good friends who still live must pray for me. . . .

‘My dearest wife or the landlady at St. Martin must have the masses said for me . . . in both parishes. Bread and meat and half a bottle of wine is to be given to the friends at our house. And what money I have I have given to the poor. . . .

‘May all fare well in the world till we meet in heaven, and there praise God for ever. All the people of Passeyr and all friends must

remember me in holy prayers, and the land-lady' (Hofer's wife) 'must not be too much distressed. I will pray to God for you all.

\* \* \* \*

'Farewell, vain world; dying appears to me so easy that my eyes do not become wet.

'Written at five in the morning, and at nine o'clock I journey, with the help of . . . to God. Mandua, the 20th February, 1810.

'Make this known in Morandel.

'Thy, in life beloved,

'ANDERE HOFER, of Passeyr.

'In the Name and by the Will of the Lord,  
I undertake the journey with God.'

I have thought it best to translate literally, so as not to lose any of the rough simplicity of the Sandwirth's own words.

Having thus arranged his few earthly affairs, Hofer spent his remaining hours in prayer, and in converse with the priest Manifesti, to whom he gave as a remembrance the bronze

cross which he had always worn on his breast.\* To the last his thoughts were with his beloved 'Land Tyrol;' and he declared his belief that she would one day be restored to the Kaiser.

Meanwhile the winter's morning was brightening into day, and it was time for the sad procession to set out. Firmly, and as he had said, 'as easily as if it were to anything else,' the Sandwirth went out to die, but one more unlooked-for trial awaited him. At the gateway of the Porta Molina was gathered a crowd of wounded Tyrolese prisoners waiting and watching for a last sight of 'Father Hofer.' Piteously they crowded round him, clasping his hands and his knees, and kneeling to ask his blessing with tears and sobs, and the Sandwirth greeted and blessed them, asking their forgiveness if he had ever misled them and declaring again his belief in the final restoration of Tyrol. Then he passed from

\* The Cross is to be seen in the Museum at Innsbruck.

them on his way to the broad bastion, near the Porta Ceresa, on which a party of Grenadiers was drawn up in a square.

And now Hofer stands before the line of soldiers ; a bandage is offered him to cover his eyes, but he puts it aside ; he is bidden to kneel, but he says firmly :

‘ I stand before my Creator, and standing I will render up my spirit to Him who gave it.’

Then with a loud voice he cries :

‘ Long live the Emperor Franz ;’ and covering his face with his hands, he prays silently for some minutes.

Clear and loud then comes the Sandwirth’s last word of command :

‘ Take good aim—Fire !’

Six shots pierce him, but the aim has been bad, and none are fatal ; he sinks to his knees, but tries to raise himself, saying :

‘ Ah ! How ill you aim.’

A corporal in mercy puts a pistol to his head, and all is over.

‘ He went to death as a Christian hero, and received it as a courageous martyr,’ were the words of the priest who was with him to the last.

Reverently they placed the Sandwirth on a bier covered with black, and carried him to the parish church of St. Michael, where he lay peacefully resting in front of the altar while a solemn funeral service was performed ; afterwards he was laid in the priest’s garden, and the grave covered with a slab of marble, bearing these words :

‘ Here lie the remains of Andere Hofer—called General Barbone—Commander-in-chief of the militia of Tyrol, shot in this fortress, 20th February, 1810—buried in this place.’





## CHAPTER XV.

### CONCLUSION.

ANDREAS HOFER'S words came true. In five years' time, after the fall of Napoleon and the re-settlement of European affairs, the faithful Tyrolese were given back to their Kaiser, and the Sandwirth himself eventually rested in the soil of the land he loved.

In January, 1823, a battalion of the regiment called the 'Tyrolese Yägers' was quartered at Mantua, and six officers, two of them being Tyrolese, determined to carry away the coffin. So the heavy slab was raised, and Andreas, passing once more through the mountains and valleys of Tyrol, was brought to Innsbruck and reinterred with



solemn funeral rites in the Hofkirche. The Sandwirth's coffin was carried by six of his old brothers in arms, all innkeepers like himself, and over the tomb a fine monument was erected by the Emperor of Austria, massive and simple like the man it commemorates. On a block of marble is carved in relief a scene representing six Tyrolese taking the oath of fidelity to Austria on the white banner—above, standing on this marble block is the figure of the Sandwirth himself in his accustomed dress, holding a banner on which are the well-known words :

‘For God, Emperor, and Fatherland.’

On either side of Hofer's grave now rest the remains of his faithful friends and companions Joseph Spechbacher and Joachim Haspinger, brought there from Hall and Salzburg.

The Wirthshaus-am-Sand still stands above the Passeyr river. It belongs to a grandson of Andreas Hofer, but the owner lives at

Vienna, and bears the 'von' before his name, the mark of nobility which the Emperor bestowed on the family. Many relics of the Sandwirth are carefully preserved in the house, and the pasture-hut still stands on the Brantach mountain.

In the year 1835 the Archduke John came back to the country and ended his days among the Tyrolese. He bought the Castle of Schöenna, a few miles from Meran, built in a splendid situation overlooking the lovely Etsch Valley ; while close below is the narrow entrance to the valley of the Passeyr. Standing on the terrace of the castle, I could look down on the rough road along which the Sandwirth was brought as a prisoner. Sad thoughts must often have filled the heart of Archduke 'Hans' as he recalled the fate of the man he had so truly loved, and for whom he had been able to do so little.

Inside the castle are many antiquities and relics, and among them several things that

belonged to Andreas—his gun, with a brass plate let into it with the words ‘A. Hofer, Tirol, 1809,’ his sword and powder horn, and his knife and fork in a small leathern case just like those still worn by the men of Meran and Passeyr. There is also a good portrait of the Sandwirth and one of Joseph Spechbacher.

A small Gothic chapel built by the widow of the Archduke John (who is still living), stands on a hill near the castle, and in the crypt beneath it is the tomb of the Archduke. I went down and stood by the broad flat stone under which he has rested since 1859. Faded wreaths were still lying round it, and it seemed strange to think of the two graves, this of the Imperial Archduke and that other of the innkeeper of the Passeyr in the Hofkirche at Innsbruck.

Once more I must take you to Meran, where I began my story. Not long since, I was stand-

ing in the small office-room of one of the town officials. On a table before me was a large old leather pocket-book with some shreds of what had once been white silk lying between its leaves, some little silk decorations with sacred pictures woven into them, and an open letter on the corner of which was a note in the Sandwirth's own handwriting, dated 'seven o'clock in the evening Jan. 30, 1810,' written on the way down to Bozen as a prisoner, two days after his capture.

The pocket-book and amulets were also Hofer's, and the man who was showing them to me was the hero's grandson; the silken shreds were bits of the Sandwirth's white banner, and a piece was given to me as a remembrance, and a treasured one it is, as you may imagine. We spoke of Andreas, and of how true a man he was.

'He ever acted uprightly for the Emperor and the Fatherland.'

'Never for himself,' I said.

‘Never for himself,’ was the emphatic answer.

I asked whether he had expected to be condemned.

‘He thought that his Kaiser would save him ; some say a reprieve did come when too late ;’ and then the man’s voice shook as he said : ‘Our Kaiser forsook us, and we were treated as rebels ; he died as a martyr.’

The traitor Raffl did not, after all, get all the reward he had expected. He died in want and misery in Bavaria, and his name is held in abhorrence by all true Tyrolese.

THE END.

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